



PUBLISHED SATURDAYS.

GOURIER PUBLISHING CO.

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W. MORTON SMITH, SEC. AND TREASURER.

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THE COURIER PUBLISHING CO.

W. MORTON SMITH, EDITOR.

NEBRASKA'S GOVERNOR.

The Honorable Lorenzo Crouse has been governor of Nebraska four months and it doesn't require any particular perspicacity to note that his incumbency of the gubernatorial office has had a chilling effect on the republican party.

Since the election last November there have been many complaints from the active members of the party, and THE COURIER is not overstating the facts when it says there is general dissatisfaction among leading republicans over the peculiar course of the executive.

If ex-President Harrison lacks warmth, Governor Crouse, if those who have come in close contact with him are to be believed, is a monument of ice—and the ice melts just enough to keep things good and damp.

The governor is a man of great experience in public affairs; he has ability, is an indefatigable worker, and is certainly an honorable gentleman; but he has somehow failed to measure up to the party's expectation as the chief magistrate of the state and the head of the party. As a public officer, regardless of political considerations, he is dignified and imposing; but he lacks force. His good points are chiefly of a negative character.

The election of Crouse has been a check to republican enthusiasm. Placed in office by the tremendous labor of tireless workers, he has snubbed the real leaders of the party, and positively ignored the men who made his election possible. It is said that he counsels with nobody, but regularly consults his own inclination. Politic, doubtful, fearful of public opinion and desirous of pleasing everybody, he hesitates and delays and ends by provoking adverse criticism and bringing about the very condition of things he wishes to avoid. Irresolute, he is wont to speculate when he ought to act.

It is alleged, and these allegations are the basis of republican complaint, that Governor Crouse turned his back on the republican state central committee and mistreated his colleagues on the state ticket; that he left democrats in office month after month, not because he wanted a non-partisan state government, but because he wasn't brave enough to make a choice among republican aspirants; that his appointees are in many instances obscure men who enjoyed his friendship years ago rather than the men whose shoulders are fixed to the wheel to-day; that he intentionally slighted Lancaster county and other sections of the state that gave him handsome majorities; that he went out of his way to reflect upon the record of his predecessor in office, and that in the matter of the suit against ex-State Treasurer Hill for the recovery of state funds he made the ex-treasurer a scape goat—a shield for his own carelessness and haste in approving the bonds of the officers of the Capital National Bank; that he allowed Joseph Garneau Jr. to remain world's fair commissioner after he had erected a Nebraska building at Chicago that would disgrace the heathen and effectually killed the state exhibit, and then, when the legislature passed a new law, reappointed the man of crackers and confused ideas.

Democrats are deriving not a little satisfaction from the feeling that exists in the republican camp, and leaders of the g. o. p., as they consider the present condition of things, find nothing that calls for any hilarious enthusiasm. It is felt that with Crouse leading the party it is going to be a difficult task to overcome the prejudice caused by the impeachment proceedings now in progress.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Beatrice, penetrated by the waters of the gentle Blue, the pride of one of the finest sections in this fair state, is a beautiful little city. Its people are progressive and its future is promising. Yet in this enlightened and enterprising community there exists and flourishes a foul disease that can be, and most certainly should be checked and wiped out. It is as bad as the cholera. It is a kind of a moral leprosy called Christian Science, which in Beatrice means sacrificing human life on the altar of a disgraceful, heathenish, and almost inconceivably barbarous fanaticism.

A few days ago Clyde Bennett, aged

eight years, was deliberately sacrificed to this dreadful Moloch the third death in one family in the past two years that can be charged up against Christian Science. According to the newspaper reports, this latest victim, up to within a few weeks of his death, was a model of health. When he died last Saturday evening, he was "wasted away to a perfect skeleton."

The Beatrice Express says:

The cause of his illness, which was only of about six weeks' duration, is unknown, because there was no physician in attendance except the Christian Science priests. It is presumed that death resulted from common tapeworm. It is of course well known that no serious results need follow from this very common complaint if given the slightest attention, and simple, well known remedies that are known in every household. These were denied the child and he was permitted to die from criminal and careless neglect in order that his deluded parents might affirm their slavish adulation of the principles of a fetishism that is a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Within the last few years there has been a considerable number of deaths in Beatrice that cannot be regarded otherwise than as the work of this shameful fanaticism, and it is high time that the people should rise up and exterminate the growing evil.

To permit the devotees of this dangerous propaganda to continue to delude innocent persons into sacrificing their own lives or the lives of others is wicked, and the people of Beatrice owe it to themselves to scourge the city of the Christian Science disease.

It is a foul blot on the fair name of Beatrice and the state, and the wiping out process cannot be commenced too soon. It has been delayed much too long already.

THE IMPEACHMENT of state officers may be a matter of some importance; but as a public issue it pales into innocuous insignificance beside the all absorbing question, Can Ross Hammond Write Poetry? There has been an extended discussion of this momentous theme, thus far without definite result. Chief among the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory answer to the question is the inability of the disputants to agree upon a standard of comparison—and it all depends upon the standard by which the poetry is judged. Mr. Hammond writes something which when put in print and scanned from a distance looks like poetry, and judged by the bright gems dashed off in idle moments by Major J. D. Kleutsch, it really seems to be real poetry; but when compared to the more pretentious efforts of the bard of Mr. Frank L. Hathaway's semi-weekly State Journal, it becomes flat, stale, and unprofitable. Mr. Hammond's recent alleged poetic flights have brought that gentleman infinitely more notoriety than any prose he ever wrote; but for the sake of his family and those who will live after him he will do well to confine his pen in the future to that variety of prose which has made the editorial department of Fremont Tribune a source of constant joy to the people of Dodge county and the entire state, and we trust that Mr. Hammond will accept our suggestion in the same kindly and affectionate spirit in which it is made.

THE COURIER is not published for purely philanthropic purposes; but it would like to do all the good it can, and surely it is something to give away transportation to Chicago and return during the world's fair. The management of this paper would like to see hundreds of people take advantage of this opportunity. It should be borne in mind that as an evidence of good faith, applicants for world's fair transportation are required to first obtain twenty-five new yearly subscribers to THE COURIER.

It has been said that Lincoln does not appreciate a high grade musical entertainment. There will be an opportunity to disprove this statement Tuesday evening, when the New York Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will give a concert at the Lansing theatre.

There is something disagreeable about the name bestowed upon the collection of world's fair buildings by the Chicago newspapers. The White City smacks somewhat of a graveyard, and the big fair is not a graveyard yet, notwithstanding the anathemas of the New York newspapers.

WORD comes from Louisville that Ike Lansing has not only been given the freedom of the city, but has been placed in possession of the entire state of Kentucky. On his return to Lincoln he will leave it on deposit with the Honorable Henri Watterson.

PRESIDENT Cleveland will, it is said, soon promulgate an order to the effect that office seekers must secure a special executive permit in order to get into Washington. Mr. Cleveland, with his rules, is giving a new meaning to Jeffersonian simplicity.

THE NEBRASKA Prison Reform Association starts out with a large sized object in view; but there is no reason why it should not be successful. It should be warmly encouraged by the public.

Is it true that the "business interests of the city demand a later hour" for the closing of the saloons?

The printing combine is too exclusive. With so many on the outside a row was inevitable.

Work has begun on the O street viaduct. Next!

BANK failure is as "catching" as the cholera.

PADEREWSKIANA.

A Tale of too Much Love. What Lincoln Femininity Escaped.

Paderewski did not bring his long hair to Lincoln. Omaha was favored, and from all accounts his recent appearance in the Missouri River town was attended with the usual excitement on the part of susceptible femininity. There was the customary heart-flutterings, and any amount of incense was burned before the altar of the musical divinity. Perhaps the following from *town Topics* may convey some faint impression of the narrow escape of the womenkind of this city in the slight upwind upon Lincoln.

Scene: The new Kingdom of Paderewskiana, which is composed of the towns of Lallygag, Fadville, Throbtown, and Kismeequick. King Paderewski, with nine full-sized crowns perched on his chrysanthemum, sits on a heap of prostrate maidens and performs a tender composition of his own on a typewriter. On all sides women are dropping dead from sheer ecstasy. They enjoy it, and would not avoid such a delicious death if they could. A deputa-tion from Lallygag advances, after the wild applause that follows the great virtuoso's performance has ceased, and presents Throbtown's flower store to the King. He takes it with a sigh of weariness and asks to be left alone.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE LALLYGAG DELEGATION (a young woman with a bilious eye and very cold hands) Ah, great King, turn not from us. We would linger near thee, that the grateful glow of thy golden aureole may shed itself upon us, and irradiate with supernatural splendor the erstwhile gloomy corridors of our souls.

PADEREWSKI (elevating his left eyebrow interrogatively) Dem corridors of der soul, vat der deffel isski dose things? I vitch you could spikeli Poland; dem Amkerlitch lankkitch issent brutty, not by damsite, unt I understood not vat in means by dose things you hafski said.

The delegation from Lallygag swoons at the sound of the great man's voice, and is removed in ambulances. Its place is taken by the delegation from Hysteria, armed with scissors to cut souvenirs from the king's top-knot.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE HYSTERIA DELEGATION—O monarch, whose bright and burnished brow has ne'er known the profane touch of barber, look thou upon us and smile. O Seraph, with the long lily fingers and amethystine eye, we would snip small strands from thy chaotic locks and wear them coiled forever about our quivering hearts. O beautiful minstrel, thy "lives have come to worship thee and do thy bidding. What, oh, what act shall we perform to prove our adoration, what shall we bring to thee as symbol of our passion?

PADEREWSKI—Pring ein larker peer. The majesty of these words overcomes the delegation from Hysteria, which promptly faints from the bliss of the situation and is taken to the hospital. Then arrives the delegation from Fadville, bringing rose garlands and autograph albums.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FADVILLE DELEGATION (looking as though she had been dug out of ancient Greece, and tired on pickles) Man of men, have mercy, and love us! We yearn, we burn, we are in a bad way. Ah, trail thy cool, pre-Raphaelite fingers over our brows and breathe thy perfumed sighs into our ears. We will shampoo thy radiant head three times each day with tears wrung from our innermost souls and on the tips of thy delicate mus-tache we will tie, between kisses, bows of baby-blue ribbon. Wilt love us, flower of thy sex, or wilt let us die from loving thee?

PADEREWSKI—Here! Is diss Rrromeo ant Shoolietski? Vat der deffel vant I dose blood rippens on der ents off my mueltscharchski, ant py vat privilege could you jamoo my hair vit tears? Kirls, you fill my nose vit plushes. Ger-trink icekrem sodus ant blow off steamski!

He turns to the typewriting machine, and a Beethoven sonata trembles from his fingers. The delegation from Fadville expires on the sixth bar, and is borne away in hearses. The ladies from Throbtown advance, and cast themselves on their faces before his majesty.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE THROBTOWN DELEGATION—Kill us with a look—Idol Divinity, King! These other slaves of thine needed to hear thy voice before they succumbed. We will fall dead if thou wilt but glance at us. Listen, and thou wilt hear the blood throbbing in our temples, on our lips, and against our bosoms. It throbs for thee, thou tender titillator of the ivories. 'Tis true, we have throbbed before. We have throbbed for Kelecy, Bellew, and Jean de Reszke, but we have not throbbed as the ocean throbs till now. Never till now was our throbb all-consuming and fatal. We are dying of it, master, and ere the lesser heavens shall dawn before us, we beseech that the paradise of thy gaze may fill our soul with rapture.

PADEREWSKI—Vat voolishnesses! Py Chinsky, ve must pilled icehousens for dose ladies. Here, you go away, now. Ven I consented to become der knick of dis commoonity, I stibulated dat dere must pe some vagushuns, put I neffer get a tam vagazhun yetski. I'm egg-

shozled. Der dempairature is like dem Durkirk pads, ant makes me berspire at efferly bore. Kirls, I kond stant it any lonker. Go vorschup some offer veller vit lonk hair for a week or so vile I reconcoerate.

But the ladies from Throbtown have not heard his words, having died with a scrappie expression on their faces as soon as Paderewski turned his gaze upon them. Then comes the delegation from Kismeequick, looking determined, hungry, and feverish. Paderewski turns pale and tries to escape, but the girls are too quick for him and surround him with ravenous eyes.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE KISMEEQUICK DELEGATION (with smoke coming from her mouth, ears and nostrils) Paderewski, we love thee, and are regular steam engines at the business. There is no falling dead about us. We are here to twine our arms about thy neck and thou must submit to the twine. Glorious example of Burne Jones' best art with just a dash of Whistler in thy coloring, we are here with our ardor and our muscles in prime condition, and we need exercise. Get ready to be caressed. Thou art the model, the apotheosis of perfectly poetic masculinity, and we like thy style. We have a special kiss that we shall devote to thee. It begins on Monday and ends thirty six hours later. It is a dissolver, containing one hundred and twenty vibrations to the minute. Ah, if thou hadst wished to escape us thou shouldst not have played so well and thou shouldst have worn less hair. The combination was too much, and now thou must suffer the consequences. It will be a sweet death after all. Think of it! Thou art to be suffocated with love! Girls, gather him in!

There is a mad rush, a confused scramble, in which arms, legs, faces and whirling skirts are chaotically intermingled, and Paderewski sinks down like a stricken deer with a little bleat of despair. Hours pass and the skies darken. Then the delegation from Kismeequick gradually leaves its victim and passes silently away into the shadows. On the ground there is a suspender buckle and a cuff button. These are all there is left of poor Paderewski.

Hood's Pills

Act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

Ask your groceryman for the "Wilber Rolling Mills" Flour, Chas. Harvey, proprietor. Enquire for "Little Hatchet," "Nickel Plate," and "Bakers' Constance." Every sack warranted.

Endorses Howard's Face Bleach.

LINCOLN, NEB., April 1, 1913.—Having used Howard's Face Bleach with the most satisfactory results, I take pleasure in recommending it as superior to all other preparations for curing blackheads, pimples and all diseases of the skin.

MRS. B. D. CATLIN, Facial Masseuse.

Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

Misses Bogges & Caffyn, dressmaking Parlors. Fine stamping. 1311 M street, phone 519.

NOTICE.

The name of this corporation shall be the Courier Publishing Company.

2. The principal place of transacting its business shall be in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, state of Nebraska.

3. The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be that of publishing, circulating and maintaining a newspaper.

4. The amount of capital stock authorized shall be \$5,000, all subscribed and fully paid up before the commencement of business.

5. The commencement of this corporation shall be on the first day of May, A. D. 1913, and shall continue for a period of one hundred years unless dissolved by mutual consent of all of the stockholders or by due process of law.

6. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the corporation is at any one time to subject itself shall not exceed one-fifth of the capital stock paid in.

7. The officers of this corporation shall be a board of directors consisting of not less than three members chosen from and by the stockholders, a president, a secretary, and treasurer and general manager, to be chosen from the members of the board of directors.

NOTICE.

The name of this corporation shall be the Nebraska State Band.

2. The principal place of transacting its business shall be in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

3. The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be that of acquiring, maintaining a band and furnishing music at public and private doings.

4. The amount of capital stock authorized shall be five thousand dollars, which shall be subscribed for at the commencement of business and ten per cent of which shall be paid in before the commencement of said business, balance paid in at such times and under such circumstances as the board of directors may direct.

5. The commencement of this corporation shall be on the first day of May, A. D. 1913, and shall continue for a period of twenty-five years unless dissolved by mutual consent of a majority of the stockholders or by the process of law.

6. At no time and under no conditions shall this corporation subject itself or become liable for any debt or liability of any nature whatsoever.

7. The officers of this corporation shall be a board of three members chosen from and by the stockholders, a president, a vice-president, a secretary and treasurer, a general manager, to be chosen from the members of the board of Director and a band master.

In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of John Olson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Honorable Chas. L. Hall, one of the judges of the district court of Lancaster county, made on the 10th day of May, 1913, for the sale of the real estate herein described, will be sold at the east door of the court house in Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 5th day of June, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., at vendue to the highest bidder for cash the following described property, to wit: Lot 6 in block 7 in the first addition to the town of Fifth, Lancaster county, Nebraska, said site will remain open one hour.

NELSON C. BUCK,

Administrator of the estate of John Olson, deceased.

By Pound and Burr, attorneys for administrator.

Dated May 10, 1913.

Mr. Wilson, our New York buyer, has been negotiating with New York parties for the past three weeks to buy an immense mill output of Laces, Hosiery, Mitts, Men's Scarfs, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, White Goods, Domestic, Dress Goods, etc. The sale was finally consummated last Thursday, and goods arrived yesterday. To the ladies of Lincoln and vicinity: If you have never attended a sale, be sure you come to this one. **WE START IT THIS MORNING.**

LACES. Worth up to \$2.00. Choice for 50c. Yd.

5 TO 18 INCHES WIDE.

Irish Point Laces.....
Point de Gene Laces.....
Point de Irlande Laces.....
Spanish Guipure Laces.....
Manufacturers' short lengths, from 1 1/2 to 7 yards, in ecru, white, tan, and black, real thread Laces, hand-made Laces.....

50c.
FOR CHOICE.

Worth 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, and \$2.00. Your pick this day, 50c. a yard. This bargain alone should crowd our store all day.

45-Inch Lace Flouncing.

5 pieces all-silk Black Lace Flouncing, the probable value, no doubt, about \$1.50. Pick at

92c. a Yard.

NOTICE.

Our offer to give half a dozen finest photos when you have traded ten dollars expires the 22d of this month. Bring in your tickets and have them punched.

Krug & Co.

1109 O Street.

SUCCESSORS TO J. W. WINGER & CO.



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NEVER TURNED OUT A FINER LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

than the ones we show this season. The stock embraces all the season's very latest novelties, and when compared to other houses, the preference for our goods is always shown.

DO YOU KNOW A BARGAIN WHEN YOU SEE IT?

If so come to our store next week. We are offering big inducements in all lines.

L. Meyer & Co.

108-110 North 10th Street.

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ARE EASILY RECOGNIZED.

There is a certain air of distinction about RAMBLER riders—perhaps you have noticed it.

People give them credit for being competent to judge a bicycle—for knowing a GOOD THING when they see it.

An air of confidence is clearly marked in the graceful bearing of RAMBLER riders. They KNOW the wheel they ride—have utmost confidence in it.

Knowing that RAMBLERS are high grade, and are sold at list price only, people do not look upon RAMBLER riders as frequenters of "bargain shops."

"All Ramblers have G. & J. Pneumatics."

E. R. GUTHRIE, Sole Agent,

1540 O Street.

K.C. BAKING POWDER
25 OZS. FOR 25¢
ABSOLUTELY PURE - JUST TRY IT.
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